

Frohike....It's Me

by Spookyteacher

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Frohike....It's Me

Title: Frohike...it's me!!! (1/1) Author: Spookyteacher E-mail address: spkyteach@aol.com Archiving: Atxc and Gossamer...yes! Anywhere else is OK as long as all headers remain attached. And. Please e-mail me to tell me where it's at...I'd like to visit! Rating: PG-13 Category: V, H Spoilers: None Keywords: None Summary: A short story about my favorite Lone Gunman, Frohike.... Disclaimer: Chris Carter, Ten Thirteen Productions, and Tom Braidwood, et al: I'm just borrowing them guys. I promise I'll return them in almost new condition after playing with them. Besides, I'm a teacher...no money...!!! Notes: Thanks to the Mulderoonies at X-Files' Views and Phenomena. This began as a post on a message board. Thanks especially to Juliel for urging me to adapt it to a short story and for beta reading and editing!

Frohike...it's me!!!

It was a beautiful, starry, full moon-filled, warm, and sultry night! Frohike tiptoed out of the Gunmen's living quarters into their offices, trying very hard not to make a sound. He went to their "kitchen," such as it was: a microwave, refrigerator, coffee maker, and blender (for the margaritas they had during the Friday night anarchist's chat). He set about fixing himself a triple chocolate milkshake...sustenance for the wonderfulness to come! Taking a gulp of the delectable shake, he signed onto the net. 'Please...let her be here...please...' he thought as the familiar high-pitched whine escaped the speakers. He called up ICQ and his hand trembled slightly as he clicked "Connect." At first, it appeared everyone was offline. Well, it WAS 2:30 AM. But, finally, HER name came on as online.

"YES!!!" he hissed kinda loudly. He quickly glanced towards the living quarters.

'Don't you dare wake up you paranoid geeks!' he thought of his two friends and co-workers. He turned back to the computer when no one came out.

He thought frantically of the perfect greeting when suddenly the chat request came up..."Hey Big Boy!!" His heart nearly stopped as he clicked, "Accept."

"Hey, yourself...you sexy girl..." he replied. The exchange that was becoming more familiar had begun again:

"Ooooo..I love it when you talk like that!"

"Like what? That wasn't dirty...want me to talk dirty?"

"Oh...yyeeaahh!"

"Soil...worms...clay...dust..."

"Ha ha...don't spoil the mood, big guy..."

"The mood? No, I do not want to do that. Definitely want you in THAT mood!"

"Well...start talking and maybe...if you get lucky..."

"What?"

"It'll rain covert computer surveillance equipment..."

"I like that...now YOU'RE talking dirty!! Hey...what are you wearing?"

"Oh, Frohike man, you KNOW I'm not wearing ANYTHING! What are you wearing?"

Frohike took a long drag on the milkshake after that one...what's the next step? His mind frantically tried to regain control...

"What are you drinking? I heard that long slurp."

'This was new', he thought.

"Umm...a milkshake!"

"Oh...I love milkshakes! It's been so long since I've had one. It's been so long since I've had a LOT of things..."

"What kind of milkshake is your favorite?"

"It used to be strawberry, but I think I'd like a ...Frohike-flavored one right now..."

Frohike swallowed.... this was soooo different tonight. Why was it different? Maybe he'd finally get her REAL name tonight! She was so playful; maybe he'd coax it out of her...

"What can I call you? Cryptic 186 is so formal...and you know my name."

"We'll get to that...186 will do for now...BTW, you NEVER told me what you were wearing."

Frohike looked down at his pajamas and vest, leather fingerless gloves, and slipper socks. "Well...I'm wearing..... a red Speedo."

"Are you really?! Sounds...kinky..."

'Yes!' he thought as he pumped his arm back.

"Frohike, would you do something for me?"

"What?" He would go to the ends of the earth and back for her!

"Are you sure? It's a biggie!"

"I'm all yours!"

"I hope so...."

Frohike grinned widely. Then continued the banter, "Okay, shoot...what is it?"

"I want you to touch the screen."

'That's it', he thought.

"Please, I really want you to touch the screen."

Frohike was confused, but could deny her nothing. He stroked the monitor.

"Oh, wonderful hands! Now, put some mood music in the CD drive."

He searched frantically, but all he could come up with was the "Star Wars" soundtrack. He was desperate so he used it.

"Now, I thought we'd... is that 'Star Wars'?"

"Uh...yeah, is that a problem?"

"A little...I'm not a fan of pseudoscience...Anyway...use both hands to touch the computer."

He did as asked.

"Ohhhhh, my! You're heating up my circuits..."

'Her circuits,' he thought, 'MY circuits are way past heating up!!!'

"Please...PLEASE...tell me your name. I can't go on like this...it's killing me!!!"

"You really want to know?!!"

Oh...sooooo bad....

"PLEASE! PLEASE!!! Tell me...I want to call you by name!"

"What's a name? It's not important..."

"YES...IT IS! I need to know your name. Do I know you? You seem kinda familiar..."

"Very good...yes I do know you ...and vice versa..."

"THEN WHO?!!!!!"

"I don't think you can handle it..."

"What?! Yes I can...you have to tell me!!"

"Wwweeeelllll, since you asked nicely and even begged.... I'll give you a hint..."

Great, he thought...and my mind is not working right now...too many hormones screaming to be heard (and utilized)....

"Are you ready..."

"As I'll ever be.... shoot!"

"I'll give you a hint..."

NO more games...PLEEEZE!!!!

"Do I have to use my tongue?"

'What?!!!!' he thought....then...'OH MY GOD!!!!!!'

"ESTHER?!!!!"

"Helloooo, brain donor...wanna play some more?"

***** Was that NOT what you were expecting? Well, it was after midnight and I was wired with way too much caffeine!!! Feedback welcome at: spkyteach@aol.com Hope you enjoyed it!!!

End
file.